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Hymns from East and West

BEING TRANSLATIONS FROM THE POETRY OF THE
LATIN AND GREEK CHURCHES, ARRANGED IN
THE ORDER OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

With Hymns for Sundays and Week-Days

BY THE

REV. JOHN BBROWNLIE

AUTHOR OF

"HYMNS OF THE EARLY CHURCH," ETC. ETC.

London

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PREFACE

THE warm reception given to "Hymns of the Early Church," two years ago, several of which have already found a place in permanent Hymnals, encourages me to prepare a further collection of renderings, chiefly from the hymns of the Latin Church, but with the addition this time of a few from the Offices of the Greek Church.

It is my earnest desire, as expressed on a former occasion, that those hymns may prove to be useful aids to devotion, and at the same time helps to familiarise my countrymen with the valuable praise literature of the Early and Mediæval Church.

In the case of the Latin hymns the original measures have, as a rule, been

v

preserved ; and with one or two exceptions, the renderings are as literal as could be desired.

It may not be altogether unnecessary to observe that the hymns in the Greek Church Offices are nearly all in rhythmic prose, without rhyme or measure. Such being the case, it is left to the translator to choose his own stanza. This I have endeavoured to do in every case, so as to suit the measure to the sense and spirit of the hymn, as far as it is possible to do so.

I should perhaps apologise for including two original pieces in this work, *Jesu Lux Hominum*, and a *Christmas Carol*.

The following is a list of authorities and collections of original texts which I have found useful in the course of my work :—

- Liturgia Mozarabica.* Migne. Paris, 1850.
Die Ältesten Hymnensammlungen von Rheinau.
Werner. Leipzig, 1891.
Pœsie liturgique du moyen Age. Chevalier.
Paris, 1893.

Thesaurus Hymnologicus. Daniel. Leipzig, 1841-56.

Lateinische Hymnen des Mittelalters. Mone. Freiburg, 1853-55.

Hymni Ecclesiæ. Newman. Oxford, 1865.

"Sacred Latin Poetry." Trench. London, 1886.

Hymni Ecclesiæ. Neale. London, 1851.

ΙΕΡΟΣ ΣΥΝΕΚΔΗΜΟΣ. Constantinople, 1895.

ΟΚΤΩΗΧΟΣ. Athens, 1895.

Anthologia Græca Carminum Christianorum. Christ and Paranikas. Leipzig, 1871.

I have to express my indebtedness to the Rev. James Bonar, Bridge-of-Weir, for much help in many ways; and to the Rev. James Mearns, Vicar of Ashby-de-la-Launde, Lincoln, for many valuable suggestions during the printing of this work. To Dr. Julian's excellent Dictionary of Hymnology I am indebted for help in many difficulties, and for much of the technical matter contained in the notes.

At the last moment I have been urged to give the originals of the Greek hymns rendered in this collection, for the benefit

of any who may be interested in Greek hymnology, and to whom the Greek text is inaccessible. I have accordingly transcribed them from the Greek Offices, and inserted them at the end of the book.

J. B.

PORTPATRICK,

November 24, 1897.

INDEX OF TITLES

SUNDAYS AND WEEK DAYS—

	PAGE
Jesu, Lux Hominum	3
Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes	5
Rector potens, verax Deus	6
Rector potens, verax Deus (<i>another rendering</i>)	7
Rerum Deus, tenax vigor	8
Ecce jam noctis tenuantur umbra	10
Ecce tempus idoneum	12
Lux ecce surgit aurea	14
Lux alma Jesu mentium	16
Consors Paterni luminis	18
Alleluia piis edite laudibus	20
Rerum Creator optime	23
Telluris ingens conditor.	25
Somno reffectis artubus	27
Coeli Deus sanctissime	29
Nox, et tenebræ, et nubila	31
Plasmator hominis Deus	33

ix

δ

ADVENT—

	PAGE
En clara vox redarguit	37
Christe, qui lux es et dies	39

CHRISTMAS—

Δεῦτε ἀγαλλιασώμεθα τῷ κυρίῳ	43
Christmas carol	45
Corde natus ex parentis	47
ὁ οὐρανὸς καὶ ἡ γῆ	49

EPIPHANY—

Herodes hostis impie	53
Quæ stella sole pulchrior ?	55

PASSION WEEK—

Hic est dies verus Dei	59
Cruce ave benedicta	61
Rex Christe ! factor omnium	63
Patris sapientia, veritas Divina	65
Pange lingua gloriosi	69

EASTER—

ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα	75
Δεῦτε πῶμα πίνωμεν	77
ἐπὶ τῆς θείας φυλακῆς	79
ὀρθρίσωμεν ὀρθρου βαθεὺς	81
κατήλθες ἐν τοῖς κατωτάτοις	83

INDEX OF TITLES

xi

	PAGE
ὁ παῖδας ἐκ καμίνου	85
αἴτη ἡ κλητή	87
φωτίζου, φωτίζου	89
Mortis portis fractis	91
Aurora cœlum purpurat	93
Surrexit Christus hodie	95

ASCENSION—

Hymnum canamus Domino	99
Optatus votis omnium	101

WHITSUNTIDE—

Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus	107
--------------------------------------	-----

TRINITY—

O veneranda, Trinitas laudanda	111
Ave colenda Trinitas	113

JUDGMENT—

Dies iræ, dies illa	117
-------------------------------	-----

JOYS OF HEAVEN—

Ad perennis vitæ fontem	125
Astant angelorum chori	132
Cœlestis, O Jerusalem	135

Η ΚΑΤΑ ΣΑΡΚΑ ΓΕΝΝΗΣΙΣ ΤΟΥ ΙΗΣΟΥ
ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ—

	PAGE
Δεῦτε ἀγαλλιασώμεθα τῷ κυρίῳ	139
ὁ οὐρανὸς καὶ ἡ γῆ	140

Ο ΚΑΝΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑ ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΔΑΜΑΣ-
ΚΗΝΟΥ—

ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα	143
Δεῦτε πόμα πίωμεν	144
Ἐπὶ τῆς θείας φυλακῆς	145
ὀρθρίσωμεν ὀρθρου βαθέος	146
κατῆλθες ἐν τοῖς κατωτάτοις	147
ὁ Παῖδας ἐκ καμίνου	148
αὕτη ἡ κλητὴ	149
φωτίζου, φωτίζου	150

Sundays and Week Days

A

“ἐξόδους πρώτας καὶ ἐσπέρας τέρψεις”

Sunday Morning

JESU, LUX HOMINUM

I

WHEN the morn with golden ray,
Ushers in the new-born day,
Brighter be thy beams, I pray,
Jesu, Light of men.

II

When the joys of earth are blest,
When I deem its gifts the best,
Lead me to the Land of Rest,
Jesu, Light of men.

III

When the clouds around my head
Fill the soul with doubt and dread,
Let Thy gracious light be shed,
Jesu, Light of men.

IV

When the darkness veils the light,
When the day is lost in night,
Shine in beams of radiance bright,
Jesu, Light of men.

V

When in night of grief I mourn,
When with pain my heart is torn,
Come in brightness, like the morn,
Jesu, Light of men.

VI

When the vale of death I tread,
Clouds of darkness round my head,
On the path Thy brightness shed,
Jesu, Light of men.

VII

When I dwell in light divine,
When the bliss of heaven is mine,
Light of light, all praise be Thine,
Jesu, Light of men.

NOCTE SURGENTES VIGILEMUS OMNES,
SEMPER IN PSALMIS MEDITEMUR

*One of the few hymns assigned to ST. GREGORY
THE GREAT, d. 604 A.D.*

I

Now from the night, and quiet sleep awaking,
Rouse we our hearts and every power to sing ;
Psalter and hymn sweet melody are making
To Jesus our King.

II

Thus may our songs in unity ascending,
With the bright song Thy grateful people raise ;
Make us more meet, that we, through life un-
ending,
For ever may praise.

III

Come to our aid, O Trinity most holy !
Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit blest ;
Thine is the praise, by creatures high and lowly
For ever exprest.

RECTOR POTENS, VERAX DEUS

Probably by ST. AMBROSE, d. 397 A.D., and certainly an ancient hymn. Daniel, in his Thesaurus, cites it as from a Rheinau MS. of the tenth century, and Mone, in his Lateinische Hymnen des Mittelalters, as in a Trier M.S. of the eighth century.

I

GOD of truth, Thou Guide unerring,
Time and change Thy wisdom show ;
Thou dost light the morning splendour,
And the noontide fiery glow.

II

Crush the flames of strife, we pray Thee ;
Bid the breath of passion cease ;
Gird our loins with manly vigour ;
Give our hearts enduring peace.

III

Holy Father, come to help us ;
Come Thou one begotten Son
With the Holy Spirit reigning,
Everlasting Three in One.

RECTOR POTENS, VERAX DEUS

Another rendering of the same hymn.

I

O GOD of truth, Thy power untold
The varied scenes of life unfold ;
Thy word the morn to beauty wakes,
And noontide forth in splendour breaks.

II

Quench Thou the fires of guilty strife,
Nor let vile thoughts spring forth to life ;
May glowing health our bodies grace,
And peace within our hearts find place.

III

O Holy Father, hear our cry !
Thou only Son be ever nigh,
Who with the Spirit reign for aye,
Now, and throughout eternity.

Sunday Evening

RERUM DEUS, TENAX VIGOR

Referred by some authorities to ST. AMBROSE. If the hymn Rector potens (page 6) is his, then probably this is his also. It is cited by Mone as in an eighth century MS. at Trier. It is also printed in the "Latin Hymns of the Anglo-Saxon Church," from an eleventh century MS.

I

THOU art the strength and life
Of all creation broad,
The same from age to age,
The one unchanging God.
The light from day to day expands ;
'Tis morn and eve at Thy commands.

II

Let light on us at eve
In rich effulgence pour,
That life, an endless day,
May shine for evermore,
Nor death obscure the blissful ray,
But lead where glory shines away.

III

Come to our help, we pray,
O Holy Father blest,
And thou, the only Son,
And Comforter the best,
Who reign throughout the endless day,
Great Three in One eternally.

Monday Morning

ECCE JAM NOCTIS TENUANTUR UMBRA
LUCIS AURORA RUTILANS CORUSCAT

*This hymn is found in MSS. of the eleventh century, and
has been ascribed to ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.*

I

SEE in the east the sombre shades of darkness
Melt in the light that crowns the ruddy morn ;
Now may our prayers, our every power im-
pelling,

All heavenward be borne.

II

God, in Thy kindness pity Thou our weakness ;
Come to our help and save us by Thy love ;
Give us, O Father, in Thy boundless mercy,
The Kingdom above.

III

Hear 'Thou our prayer, O Deity most blessed—
Father Eternal, Christ the only Son,
Spirit most holy—all the earth adores Thee,
Eternally One.

Monday Evening

ECCE TEMPUS IDONEUM

From several MSS. of the twelfth century.

I

Now is the time to come ;
Here is the balm of heaven ;
And every ill that heart can breed,
And every sin of word and deed,
May be by God forgiven.

II

O He is kind and good,
And still 'tis mercy's day ;
He will not lift the hand to smite,
Lest we and ours should perish quite
In our iniquity.

III

Therefore, with holy fast
And tears of sorrow meet,
We raise to Him our earnest prayer,
And works of love and mercy bear,
And lay them at His feet,

IV

That, purged from all our sin,
We may with angels stand,
Adorned with beauty as a dress,
Yea, with unspotted righteousness,
In the Celestial Land.

V

To God the Father praise,
Praise to the only Son,
And to the Spirit glory be,
O Thou Eternal One in Three,
Eternal Three in One.

Tuesday Morning

LUX ECCE SURGIT AUREA

By AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS, born at Saragossa in the end of the fourth century. This hymn is from a larger piece, beginning, Lux, et tenebræ, et nubila, and is found in a fifth century MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

I

SEE, 'tis the morn with golden ray !
The gloom of night now fades away ;
That gloom in which too long we've trod
In devious paths away from God.

II

O may the morning light serene
Shine in our hearts and make them clean,
That we may speak no word unkind,
Nor evil thought engage the mind.

III

And ever as the daylight sheds
Its radiant light upon our heads,
May tongue and hand from ill refrain
And all our life be free from stain.

IV

For God looks down from heaven o'erhead,
And views the path our footsteps tread ;
And every act of life is known
From early morn till light has flown.

V

To God the Father glory be,
All glory Christ the Son to Thee,
And to the Holy Ghost be praise,
Now and throughout the endless days.

Tuesday Evening

LUX ALMA JESU MENTIUM,
DUM CORDA NOSTRA RECREAS

*A cento from St. Bernard's Jesu, dulcis memoria, according
to the text in the Roman Breviary of 1632.*

I

O JESU, sweetest Light,
When Thou dost fill the soul,
Thou dost imprint Thine image there,
And all its powers control ;
Then clouds of guilt depart,
And sweetness fills the heart.

II

O happy he with whom
Thou deign'st to dwell in love,
Thou one begotten Son of God,
From His right hand above ;
A gleam of heaven is shown,
To fleshly sense unknown.

III

The glory of our God

Thou, Christ, the splendour art ;
Thine is a wondrous love divine,
Unknown to human heart ;
Grant us that love, we pray,
And dwell with us for aye.

IV

O Thou who unto babes

Reveal'st Thy matchless love,
To Thee, O Christ, all glory be,
In earth and heaven above ;
And to the Father praise,
And Holy Ghost always.

Wednesday Morning

CONSORS PATERNI LUMINIS

One of the twelve hymns assigned by the Benedictine editors to ST. AMBROSE. It is not, however, in any of the early Milan hymnaries.

I

SHARER of the Father's glory,
Light of light, effulgent day,
Let our songs of praise, we pray Thee,
Chase the shades of night away.

II

From our minds all darkness banish ;
Put the hosts of hell to flight,
Lest our souls, in slumber sinking,
Fall before the tempter quite.

III

Jesu ! of thy grace unbounded,
Grant the blessing thus we crave ;
To our psalms and prayers attending,
Hear, and in Thy mercy save.

IV

Lend thine aid, O gracious Father ;
Hear us, co-eternal Son,
With the Holy Spirit reigning,
Everlasting Three in One.

Wednesday Evening

ALLELUIA PIIS EDITE LAUDIBUS
CIVES ÆTHEREI, PSALLITE SUAVITER
ALLELUIA PERENNE

Probably of the fifth century. Mone gives the text from a MS. of the tenth century. It is the hymn at Vespers in the Mozarabic Breviary, for the First Sunday in Lent, and the Saturday preceding.

I

SING Alleluia, sing,
Your holy praises bring ;
O citizens of Zion bright,
Harp ye all sweetly day and night.
Alleluia !

II

Here may your endless song
Its notes of praise prolong ;
Ye who with hymning choirs in light,
Your glad refrains for aye unite.
Alleluia !

III

The city built above
That wakes to strains of love,
Shall hail you as its own with song,
That echoes through the ages long.
Alleluia !

IV

Return, the joys divine
Of that blest place are thine,
And to the Lord a glorious lay
Ascribe, throughout the endless day.
Alleluia !

V

To Thee, Creator blest,
Be sweetest lays exprest !
To Thee we lift our heartfelt praise,
And to Thy name ascribe always
Alleluia !

VI

O Christ, to Thee we sing ;
Glory to Thee we bring ;
 Almighty Lord, to Thy great name
 Be endless songs of glad acclaim.
 Alleluia !

Thursday Morning

RERUM CREATOR OPTIME

Probably the work of ST. GREGORY THE GREAT. Mone refers to it as in an eighth century MS. at Trier (i. p. 372).

I

THOU blest Creator of the world,
Look down from heaven, we pray,
And wake us from our guilty sleep,
Lest we should sleep for aye.

II

To Thee, O holy Christ, we cry ;
Take all our sins away,
Who rise to make confession meek,
That darkness would delay.

III

Even as the prophet, in the night
Our hearts and hands we raise,
Or e'en as Paul in days of yore,
Who sang aloud Thy praise.

IV

Thou dost behold the sin we bear ;
Our hidden faults are seen ;
Hear Thou the prayer we bring with sighs,
And make our conscience clean.

Thursday Evening

TELLURIS INGENS CONDITOR

This also, according to Mone, is the work of ST. GREGORY THE GREAT, and is referred to by him as in a MS. of eighth century, and one of ninth century, both at Trier.

I

GREAT God, at whose command
The world was settled sure,
Above the rolling seas,
For ever to endure ;

II

That so the earth might yield
The flowers of colour rare,
And fruit trees bearing fruit,
And pastures rich and fair ;

III

Our wounded souls bedew
With Thy refreshing grace ;
Then penitence shall spring,
And all our ill efface.

IV

May we Thy law obey,
And ne'er with wrong begin,
But joy to win the good,
And know no mortal sin.

Friday Morning

SOMNO REFECTIS ARTUBUS.

Assigned to ST. AMBROSE by the Benedictine editors. It is not, however, in any of the early Milan hymnaries.

I

WITH grateful sleep refreshed,
We spurn the couch of rest ;
Now while we lift our hearts in song,
Be near, O Father, blest !

II

Thee shall our tongues adore ;
Thee shall our hearts entwine ;
That all our deeds begun this day
May spring from love divine.

III

The darkness flees away,
The day-star scatters night ;
So may our night-born guilt depart
Before Thy heavenly light.

IV

Such are the prayers we bring :
Purge thou our lives, we pray,
And we shall hymn Thy matchless grace
Throughout the eternal day.

V

Father of mercies, hear ;
Hear us, co-equal Son,
Who with the Spirit reign above,
While endless ages run.

Friday Evening

COELI DEUS SANCTISSIME

Found in a ninth century MS., and printed from an eleventh century MS. in the "Latin Hymns of the Anglo-Saxon Church."

I

Most holy God of heaven,
Thine hand hast made the light ;
And morn and eve, at Thy command,
Are dressed in garments bright.

II

The fiery orb of day
Thou didst command to blaze ;
The changing moon Thou didst ordain,
And stars a wandering maze.

III

They shone, those lights in heaven,
Dividing night from day ;
To mark the seasons as they sped,
They did a sign display.

IV

Shine in the hearts of men,
And purify within ;
Asunder break the bands of guilt,
And set them free from sin.

Saturday Morning

NOX, ET TENEBRÆ, ET NUBILA

(See page 14.)

I

HENCE, night and clouds, confused things !
Before the dawn spread dusky wings.
Light enters ! See, the heavens are clear ;
Christ comes ! Let darkness disappear.

II

The clouds of earth are rent in twain ;
Forth shines the sun's clear rays again ;
See nature clad in brightest hue,
For heaven sends forth its light anew.

III

With guileless heart and conscience clean,
We seek Thee, Christ, our Light serene ;
Our earnest prayers and songs attend,
And to our souls Thy brightness send.

IV

For shades of doubt allure our sense ;
Thy light alone can chase them hence ;
True Morning Star of glorious ray,
Shine in us with Thy light we pray.

V

To God the Father glory be ;
All glory, Christ, the Son, to Thee ;
And to the Holy Ghost be praise,
Now and throughout the endless days.

Saturday Evening

PLASMATOR HOMINIS DEUS,
QUI CUNCTA SOLUS ORDINANS

This hymn may be of the seventh century. Mone gives the text from a ninth century MS. at Darmstadt. It has been attributed to ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

I

O God, Creator of our race,
Whose hand alone did all things frame,
Thy word went forth, and from the earth
Both beast and creeping reptile came.

II

At Thy command huge shapes appeared,
And life inspired their lifeless clay ;
And Thou in wisdom didst ordain
That they should man due service pay.

III

Our lustful passions, Lord, repel,
 And crush the brutal power of sin ;
 Nor let debasing habit rule,
 And o'er our lives a lordship win.

IV

Give us the prize of joy, we pray,
 And let Thy gifts of grace increase ;
 Asunder break the chain of strife,
 And bind us in the bonds of peace.

V

O gracious Father, be Thou near ;
 Be near, Thou one begotten Son,
 Who with the Holy Spirit reign,
 While the eternal ages run.

Advent

"Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!"

—*Bonar.*

EN CLARA VOX REDARGUIT
OBSCURA QUÆQUE PERSONANS

Translated from a recast of the fifth century hymn beginning Vox clara, ecce, intonat, in the Roman Breviary of 1632. The original is by some assigned to ST. AMBROSE, not without adequate reason.

I

HARK ! a voice is loudly ringing
Through the mists that cloud the night ;
Banish hence your idle dreaming—
Christ descendeth from the height.

II

Soul of mine, bestir ! awaken !
Prone on earth no longer lie ;
Every dismal cloud shall vanish—
See, His Star is in the sky !

III

Lo ! the Lamb to earth descendeth,
Bearing pardon to our race ;
Come with tears and seek forgiveness
From the fulness of His grace.

IV

When He comes again in brightness,
Filling earth with woeful dread,
May the shield of His protection
O'er our trusting souls be spread.

V

Virtue, honour, praise, and glory
To the Father and the Son,
With the Paraclete most holy,
Now, and while the ages run.

CHRISTE, QUI LUX ES ET DIES
NOCTIS TENEBRAS DETEGIS

This hymn has been ascribed to ST. AMBROSE. It certainly dates earlier than A.D. 857, the date of a treatise by the Archbishop of Rheims, in which it is quoted.

I

O CHRIST, who art the light and day,
Reveal our darkness now, we pray ;
Thou of all light the glory art,
In love Thy blessed beams impart.

II

Through all this night, O holy Lord,
Defend, according to Thy word ;
Be with us in our hours of rest,
And let our sleep with peace be blest.

III

Preserve us, Lord, from deadly sleep ;
Far from our souls the tempter keep,
Lest he our flesh by guile allure,
And Thou shouldst deem our lives impure.

IV

Let gentle sleep our eyes o'ertake ;
 From slumbering keep our souls awake ;
 Thy strong right arm, O Lord, make bare ;
 Thy servants save who claim Thy care.

V

Look down, Defender of the soul !
 Press back the foe, his powers control ;
 Rule Thou Thy servants for their good,
 Whom Thou hast purchased with Thy blood.

VI

In mercy think of us, we pray,
 Who bear this fleshly load away ;
 Our soul's Defence ! Thy grace impart,
 For Thou our Lord and Saviour art.

Christmas

**"Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name."**

—Doddridge.

Δεῦτε ἀγαλλιασώμεθα τῷ κυρίῳ,

*From the service-book of the Greek Church, for Christmas,
and rendered here for the first time in English verse. It
was written by Germanus, Patriarch of Constantinople,
A.D. 715.*

I

O COME let us adore
The Lord of all the earth,
And in our songs of praise recount
The mystery of His birth.

II

The middle wall is razed,
An entrance now is free ;
For cherubim with swords of flame
No longer guard the tree.

III

O Paradise restored,
Now I shall enter in,
And taste the bliss from which I fell
Through Adam's mortal sin—

IV

For Christ, the Father's Son
Who God's true Image bore,
Of Virgin born, in low estate,
Our human nature wore.

V

True God ! True man ! To Thee
Our earnest prayers ascend ;
Oh, of Thy loving-kindness hear,
Who art the sinner's Friend.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

I

THE Lord of life to earth came down—
Sound His praises, men and angels !
Oh, 'twas a day of high renown,
And angels sang His praises.

II

Say, came He forth by myriads led?—
Sound His praises, men and angels !
A crown of gold upon His head,
While angels sang His praises?

III

All girt with glory like the sun?—
Sound His praises, men and angels !
While shouts proclaimed His reign begun,
And angels sang His praises?

IV

Of earthly pomp the Lord had none—
 Sound His praises, men and angels;
 His kingly crown had not been won,
 When angels sang His praises.

V

A little child the Lord became—
 Sound His praises, men and angels;—
 To bear our guilt and share our shame,
 And angels sang His praises.

VI

O Jesus who in manger lay,—
 Sound His praises, men and angels,—
 Make me a little child to-day,
 While angels sing Thy praises.

VII

And may I come with spirit meek,—
 Sound His praises, men and angels,—
 To lay my tribute at Thy feet,
 While angels sing Thy praises.

CORDE NATUS EX PARENTIS

This hymn is from a poem on the Miracles of Christ, by PRUDENTIUS, beginning Da puer plectrum choreis ut canam fidelibus, written by him in the beginning of the fifth century.

I

OF the Father's heart begotten,
Ere creation's morn arose,
Thou art Alpha and Omega,
The Beginning and the Close ;
Past and present, and to be,
Have their source and end in Thee,
To the ages evermore.

II

He is come whose praise was chanted
By the seers through ages hoar ;
Faithful prophets gave the promise,
When they spake in days of yore.
Now appears the promised Word ;
Let creation praise the Lord,
To the ages evermore.

III

Heights of heaven, your praises thunder ;
 Angel hosts in songs unite ;
 Lift your voice, ye broad dominions,
 Praises give the God of might.
 Let no tongue refuse to sing,
 Every voice its homage bring,
 To the ages evermore.

IV

Aged men with youth uniting,
 Choirs of infants raise the song ;
 Bands of matrons, bands of virgins,
 Artless maids your praise prolong.
 Every guileless heart and voice
 In harmonious praise rejoice,
 To the ages evermore.

V

Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
 And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 Hymn, and lay, and laud, and homage,
 Let there now and ever be ;
 Honour, power, and kingly sway,
 Now, henceforward, and for aye,
 To the ages evermore.

ὁ οὐρανὸς καὶ ἡ γῆ, σήμερον προφητικῶς
εὐφραίνέσθωσαν

*From the service-book of the Greek Church, for Christmas,
and composed by JOHN THE MONK. Who he was is un-
certain: probably the conjecture that he and St. John
Damascene are one and the same, is correct.*

I

IN the Bliss of old predicted,
Heaven and earth to-day rejoice ;
Men and angels, one in spirit,
Shout aloud in gleeful voice ;
For to those in darkness drear,
God in human flesh is near.

II

Cave and manger shew the Mystery ;
Shepherds tell the wondrous tale ;
Bearing gifts to lay before Him,
From the East the Magi hail ;
Taught by angel words to sing,
We unworthy praises bring.

III

Glory be to God eternal !
Peace on earth its reign begin !
For the one Desire of Nations
Comes to save us from our sin ;
Freedom He will now bestow,
From the bondage of the foe.

Epiphany

Ἰδόντες δὲ τὸν ἄστρα, ἐχάρησαν χαρὰν
μεγάλην σφόδρα.—*Matt. ii. 10.*

HERODES HOSTIS IMPIE

*The second portion of the poem beginning A Solis ortus
Cardine, ad usque, the work of CÆLIUS SEDULIUS,
A.D. 450.*

I

HEROD, impious, dreaded foe,
Why Christ's presence fear'st thou so?
His is not an earthly throne—
Heavenly realms His sceptre own.

II

Guided by the star that led,
Sages sought the Infant's bed ;
Led by light, to Light they pressed,
And with offerings God confessed.

III

Jordan's stream of water fair
Laved the Lamb celestial there ;
Thus our souls are freed from guilt
By the blood the Sinless spilt.

IV

Lo, a work of power divine ;
Red the water changed to wine,
And the Jordan, blushing, poured,
Conscious of Creation's Lord.

QUÆ STELLA SOLE PULCHRIOR?

By CHARLES COFFIN, from the Paris Breviary, 1736.

I

WHENCE is this glorious orbèd Star,
Than sun at noontide brighter far?
A new-born King! O glad surprise!
It leads to where the Infant lies.

II

The faith that ancient prophets cheered,
The Star of Jacob, has appeared;
And Gentile eyes in glad amaze
Upon the wondrous portent gaze.

III

See in the heavens the star is bright,
But in their souls a clearer light,
That lures their steps by power divine,
To seek His face who gives the sign.

IV

Love knows no lingering by the way,
Nor toil nor danger cause delay ;
Their kindred, home, and native land
Are left behind at God's command.

V

O Jesus ! may Thy star of grace
Allure us now to seek Thy face ;
Let not our stubborn hearts decline
The guidance of that light divine.

VI

All glory, God of Light, to Thee ;
To Christ the Son all praises be ;
And to the Spirit equal praise,
Now, and throughout the endless days.

Passion Week

"The cross it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup."

—*Kelly.*

HIC EST DIES VERUS DEI
SANCTO SERENUS LUMINE

Assigned to ST. AMBROSE by Mone (i. p. 223).

I

THIS is the very day of God,
That sheds its holy light,
On which the sacred blood was poured
That cleansed our vileness quite.

II

It fills the faithless soul with faith,
And clears the sightless eye ;
If pardon found the dying thief,
Who needs in bondage lie ?

III

Brief was the look he cast on Christ,
But quick secured the prize ;
And, first-fruit of His glorious Church,
He entered Paradise.

IV

Lost in amaze, the angel host
 Behold the anguish sore ;
 They see the dying cling to Christ,
 And live for evermore.

V

O Mystery most wonderful !
 Our guilt is washed away ;
 He took our flesh, that God on Him
 Our load of sin might lay.

VI

What can be more sublime than this,
 That God should meet our need,—
 That love should scatter every fear,
 And death give life indeed ?

VII

Death draws the spear but wounds himself,
 In his own fetters lies ;
 The Life of all has tasted death,
 That all to life might rise.

CRUX AVE BENEDICTA

The text of this poem, which Trench pronounces "perfect in its kind," and is probably of the seventeenth century, is found in Daniel's Thesaurus. Another rendering may be found in "Hymns of the Early Church."

I

ALL hail the Cross of Jesus,
The power that vanquished death !
On thee our King and Saviour
Breathed life with dying breath.

II

In all the verdant woodland
Thou art the Queen of trees ;
A Medicine and solace
To hearts all ill at ease.

III

O Tree, of life the emblem,
The first of human needs,
Upon thy fruit's rich clusters
The hungering spirit feeds.

IV

O Jesus ! when Thou callest,
The world around Thy throne,
The Cross and all its merits
Shall be my hope alone.

REX CHRISTE ! FACTOR OMNIUM
REDEMPTOR ET CREDENTIUM

*By ST. GREGORY THE GREAT, according to the Benedictine
editors.*

I

MAKER of all, Redeemer Thou,
O Jesus Christ, Thou King most blest,
In mercy bow to hear our praise,
And every prayer in truth exprest.

II

O Jesus ! by Thy grace benign,
The wounds Thou baredst on the tree
Have burst the fetters of our race,
And set our captive spirits free.

III

Thou art Creator of the world,
Yet thou didst deign our flesh to wear,
And in that lowly garb the stings
Of grief untold in meekness bear.

IV

They bound Thee, Lord, that thou mightst cast
 The fetters of the world away ;
 Thou bor'st the shame, that fallen man
 Might all his guilt upon Thee lay.

V

They nail Thee, Jesus, to the cross ;
 Then shakes the earth in sore affright ;
 Thou breath'st Thy mighty Spirit forth,
 And day is darkened into night.

VI

Resplendent Victor ! in the height
 Where God in glory dwells art Thou ;
 Send down Thy Spirit for our stay ;
 O King most blest, defend us now !

PATRIS SAPIENTIA, VERITAS DIVINA

(Compiled by POPE BENEDICT XII., 1342.)

Ad Matutinam.

SEE the only Son of God
At the Matin hour alone,
Very Wisdom, very Truth,
All forsaken of His own ;
By the guile of man betrayed,
For the thirty pieces sold ;
Wicked hands are on Him laid,
And He's led to woes untold.

Ad Primam.

Now, at Prime, for judgment vile,
See Him forth to Pilate led ;
There, the false accusers lay
Baseless charges on His head ;
And they smite Him with the hand,
And they spit upon His face,—
“Prophesy who smote Thee so,”—
Thus they treat the Lord of grace.

Ad Tertiam.

“Crucify Him ! Crucify !”
 This, at Terce their vengeful shout ;
 See Him clad in purple robe,
 As in sport they lead Him out !
 And a crown of platted thorn
 On His throbbing brow He wears ;
 Struggling 'neath the ponderous cross,
 Which to Calvary He bears.

Ad Sextam.

At the hour of Sext, behold
 Jesus raised upon the cross !
 See, they give Him gall to drink,
 And their heads defiant toss !
 Thieves are hanging where He dies ;
 He is numbered with the vile ;
 Thus was slain the Son of God,
 In whose soul there lurked no guile.

Ad Nonam.

At the hour of None, the pain
 Of the Crucifixion ends ;
 Loud He cries “Eloi,” and then
 To His God His soul commends ;

Swift the thrust that wounds His side,
By the Roman soldier given ;
Earth beholds, and quakes with fear,
And the sun is dark in heaven.

Ad Vesperam.

From the cross they take Him down,
When the hour of Vesper came ;
Who His Godhead boldly hid
In a death of deathly shame ;
Yea, He laid His glory down,
And to death descended quite,
That to us He might reveal
Immortality in light.

Ad Completorium.

Holy hands at solemn eve
Bear His body to the tomb,—
Hope of an immortal life,—
Leave it buried in the gloom ;
Fragrant spices are prepared ;
All fulfilled that Scripture saith ;
May my memory never more
Lose the vision of that death !

Commendatio.

Henceforth shall these holy hours
 Give me food for endless praise ;
 And devoutly shall my heart
 Dwell upon that love always ;
 That I may, when death is near,
 Find a solace in that love,
 And by all the woes He bore,
 Win salvation from above.

PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI
PRÆLIUM CERTAMINIS

A cento freely rendered from the Passion hymn of FORTUNATUS, A.D. 530, one of the finest of mediæval hymns. A full and literal rendering will be found in "Hymns of the Early Church."

I

TELL my tongue in glowing numbers,
How the Christ in conflict sore,
Met the foe and won the battle,
On a field unfought before ;—
More than all the spoils He won,
Praise the triumph of God's Son.

II

O'er the wreck of Eden's glory,—
Blush of morning plunged in night,—
Grieved the loving heart that gave it,
Pity kindling at the sight ;
And the love that bore our race,
Planned the covenant of grace.

III

Dawned the day by God appointed,
 Sung by seers while ages ran,
 And the Son of God in meekness
 Came to earth the Son of Man ;
 Girt the tempter's power to foil,
 Bind the foe, and grasp the spoil.

IV

Now upon the cross uplifted,
 Ah ! the Christ in anguish dies ;
 See the spear wound and the nail prints,
 Hear His agonising cries ;—
 And the sun in night was veiled,
 While the earth in terror quailed.

V

Hark ! the shout of sin exulting ;
 Vain the shout, the triumph vain
 'Tis the great destroyer dieth—
 Death upon the cross is slain ;
 And the power of hell is dead,
 Now the God-man bows the head.

VI

Cross of Christ ! now decked in beauty,
Radiant in the glowing sun
Of the glorious morn our Victor
Wore the crown of conquest won,—
Be my joy, my boast, my song,
Quell my fear, and make me strong.

Easter

**Τί ζητεῖτε τὸν ζῶντα μετὰ τῶν νεκρῶν ; οὐκ ἔστιν
ὧδε, ἀλλ' ἠγέρθη.—*Luke* xxiv. 5, 6.**

CANON FOR EASTER DAY

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE, circa 780.

ODE I

ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα

I

HAIL the Resurrection day!
Let the people shout for gladness;
'Tis a Passover of joy,—
Let us banish every sadness;
For, from death to endless life,
Christ our God His people bringeth;
As from earth to heaven we rise,
Each his song of triumph singeth.

II

From our eyes the veil remove,
That we may, in light transcending,
See the risen Lord of Life,
Life to all in grace extending.

Let our ears His voice perceive ;
 To its accents kind attending,
 We would hear " All hail," and sing,
 Every voice in triumph blending.

III

Let the heavens above rejoice ;
 Let the earth take up the measure ;
 All the world, and all therein,
 Join the festival of pleasure ;
 All things visible unite
 With invisible in singing ;
 For the Christ is risen indeed,
 Everlasting gladness bringing.

ODE II

(Erased from the Canon.)

ODE III

Δεῦτε πόμα πίνωμεν

I

COME, let us drink the water new,
Not from the rock divinely springing,
But from that pure immortal stream,
That from His tomb our Lord is bringing.

II

All things in earth and heaven above;
Are filled with light that shines supernal;
So all Creation keeps this feast,
For He hath risen, the King eternal.

III

With Thee, O Christ, I lay entombed,
Ere light upon this day was falling;
With Thee I leave death's dark abode,
For Thou hast risen, and Thou art calling.

IV

With Thee upon the cross I hung,
When Thou wast faint, and weak, and sighing;
Lord, with Thyself Thy servant bless,
In Thy bright realm through years undying.

ODE IV

ἐπὶ τῆς θείας φυλακῆς

I

PROPHET of the Lord, beside us,
Now upon the watch-tower stand ;
Let us see the light-clad angel
Earthward come at God's command,
Telling of His power to save,
Who hath risen from the grave.

II

He was born of Virgin Mother,
Lamb of God on whom we feed ;
Free from every spot and blameless,
Yea, a Passover indeed :
Very God His wondrous claim,
And Perfection is His name.

III

As a yearling lamb He suffered,
 He, our blessed, saving Crown ;
 That He might from vileness cleanse us,
 Freely was His life laid down ;
 Now, with beauty in our eyes,
 See the glorious Sun arise.

IV

When the ark was borne in triumph,
 David leaped with gladness then ;
 Now, before the type's fulfilment
 We should joy as holier men ;
 For, omnipotent to save,
 Christ hath left the dismal grave.

ODE V.

ὀρθρίσωμεν ὀρθρον βαθεός

I

ERE the morn in beauty wakes,
Let us seek the Saviour's tomb,—
Not with ointment and perfume,
But with songs the silence break ;
We shall see the Christ appear,
Sun of Righteousness to cheer.

II

They who dwell in death's abode,
Bound with fetters dark and cold,
Shall the Saviour's love behold ;
They shall hail the light of day,
And their gladsome foot employ
In this festival of joy.

III

Go ye forth amid the gloom,
And with torches burning bright
Cheer the darkness of the night,
Meet the Bridegroom at the tomb ;
Greet with songs of festal glee,
Him who sets His people free.

ODE VI

κατήλθες ἐν τοῖς κατωτάτοις

I

To depths of earth Thou didst descend,
O Christ, to break the chain
That held the sons of men enslaved,
And lead them forth again ;
As Jonah left the living grave,
So cam'st Thou forth, O Christ, to save.

ii

Unbroken were the seals when Thou
Didst leave the dismal tomb,
Even as the virgin bars remained
When Thou didst leave the womb ;
And Thou hast ope'd the gates of heaven,
And entrance free to all is given.

III

O Thou, my Saviour and my God,
Who camest from above,
And gav'st Thyself for sinful men
An offering of love !
Now, rising from the grave, we see
Our human race arise with Thee.

ODE VII

ὁ παῖδας ἐκ καμίνου

I

HE who in the fiery furnace
Kept from harm the faithful three,
Suffering in our mortal nature,
Decks with life mortality,—
Him, our Father's God, we praise,
Bless'd and glorious always.

II

Holy women bearing ointments,
Sought the mortal, bathed in tears ;
But their sorrow changed to gladness,
For the Living God appears ;
And they tell the news abroad,
Of the risen Son of God.

III

Now we celebrate the triumph,
Death and Hades overthrown,
Earnest of a life unending ;
All the glory is Thine own ;
God, our Father's God, we praise,
Bless'd and glorious always.

IV

Hallowed feast of holy gladness !
Night that waits salvation's birth,
Till the resurrection morning
Breaks with splendour on the earth,
And eternal light is poured
By the Christ from death restored !

ODE VIII

αὕτη ἡ κλητή

I

THIS is the chosen day of God,
The brightest and the fairest,
The Lady thou of all the feasts,
The Queen of all, and rarest ;
Now let our songs of blessing soar,
To Thee, O Christ, for evermore.

II

O glorious Resurrection day !
With fruit of vine the newest ;
Come let us taste the heavenly draught,
And joy with joy the truest ;
To Thee, O Christ, our praises soar,
Who art our God for evermore.

III

O Zion, lift thine eyes, behold
The lights that shine around thee !
From east and west, and north and south,
Thy children now surround thee ;
And in thy streets their praises soar,
To Thee, O Christ, for evermore.

IV

Almighty Father ! Word Divine !
O Spirit co-eternal !
In Persons Three, in Nature One,
O God of power supernal !
Baptized in Thee our praises soar,
And Thee we bless for evermore.

ODE IX

φωτίζου, φωτίζου.

I.

SHINE forth, O New Jerusalem !
O Zion, shout with glee !
For now the glory of the Lord
Is risen upon thee ;
O Mother pure of God's own Son,
Rejoice—His victory is won !

II

O dear and sweetest voice divine,
O Christ, Thou wilt befriend,
And lead Thy people safely on,
E'en to their journey's end ;
Thy faithful people hear Thy voice,
And in this steadfast hope rejoice.

III

O Christ, our sacred Paschal feast,
The Word, the Might of God ;—
His wisdom most ineffable
By Thee is shed abroad ;
O may we feast on Thee for aye,
In Thy blest realm of endless day.

MORTIS PORTIS FRACTIS, FORTIS
FORTIOR VIM SUSTULIT

By PETER THE VENERABLE, A.D. 1092. *Another rendering of the same hymn may be found in "Hymns of the Early Church."*

I

BURST are the bands of death ;
The Victor leads the way ;
See, 'tis the cross He bears
Triumphant in the fray.

II

O'er all Creation wide
Now light eternal pours ;
For He who made the light,
Its primal reign restores.

III

Why came the Lord to earth ?
O wonderful surprise !
Death is by death o'ercome,
When on the cross He dies.

IV

There groans the foe o'erthrown,
 The triumph there is won,
 For what to him was loss,
 To man was life begun.

V

He grasps the envied prize,
 He strikes, but strikes in vain ;
 The prize is borne away,
 And death by death is slain.

VI

All hail, our Victor hail !
 With spoil Thou'rt laden quite,
 And souls of men are stirred
 To gladness at the sight.

VII

Thou com'st to dwell with us ;
 Dwell in our hearts, we pray ;
 Since Thou didst bondage break,
 Bear all our chains away.

AURORA CÆLUM PURPURAT
ÆTHER RESULTAT LAUDIBUS

*Ascribed to ST. AMBROSE. This rendering is of the text in
the Roman Breviary.*

I

FORTH rode the morn in purple robe ;
The air with Alleluias rang ;
The slumbering earth to joy awoke,
And hell despaired while angels sang.

II

For, from the dark abyss of death,
Our glorious King, with arm of might,
Led forth the pining captive hosts
To realms of life and dazzling light.

III

He o'er whose tomb the stone was sealed,
And Roman soldiers watched with care,
From death's dark cave a Victor came,
And death was slain and buried there.

IV

"Your mourning cease, enough of tears,
 No more in piteous grief complain,"—
 Thus spake the Messenger of Heaven,
 "For He is risen, and Death is slain."

V

O Jesus, may Thy Paschal joy
 Thrill in the souls of men for aye!
 And from the woeful death of sin
 Keep Thou Thy new-born sons, we pray.

VI

To God the Father glory be,
 To Christ who conquered Death, be praise,
 And to the Paraclete, one God,
 Now, and while ages run, always.

SURREXIT CHRISTUS HODIE

This Easter carol is probably the work of some one in the twelfth century. It is found in MSS. of the fourteenth century.

I

THE Christ to-day from death arose,
With healing balm for human woes,

II

Who suffered death upon the tree,
To set mankind from misery free.

III

Now to the tomb the women bear
Their gifts of balm and spices rare,

IV

And thought to find the Lord of grace,
Who is the Saviour of our race.

V

An angel clad in white appears,
And pours glad tidings in their ears :

VI

"O women, wherefore tremble so?
To Galilee make haste to go ;"

VII

"And there to the disciples say,
'The glorious King is risen to-day.'"

VIII

By Peter first, and then the rest,
The Lord was seen and soon confessed.

IX

Now in this Paschal joy unite,
And let us bless the Lord of might.

X

To Thee, O Lord, be glory given,
For Thou hast death's grim fetters riven.

XI

With songs the Trinity adore ;
To God give thanks for evermore.

Ascension

G

“ Da nobis illuc sedula
Devotione tendere,
Quo te sedere cum Patre
In arce regni credimus.”

—*Venerable Bede.*

HYMNUM CANAMUS DOMINO

Ascribed to VENERABLE BEDE. Is found in several MSS. of the eleventh century now in the British Museum, at Zurich, and elsewhere. In some of these it begins, "Hymnum canamus gloriæ."

I

Now to the Lord a song we'll raise ;
New hymns shall echo forth His praise,
Who, by a pathway all unknown,
Ascendeth to the Father's throne.

II

On mystic Olivet they stand,
The faithful Apostolic Band,
And with the maiden Mother gaze
On Jesu's glory with amaze.

III

To whom the angels, greeting, said,
"Why stand ye gazing thus o'erhead?
This is the Saviour, this the hour
That sees the triumph of His power.

IV

"He whom ye view in glad surprise
Above the highest heaven rise,
Shall come again to cheer each heart,
Even as ye see Him now depart."

V

Grant that we may with purpose true
Our journey thitherward pursue,
Where, in the Heavenly Kingdom, Thou
Art seated with the Father now.

VI

Thou who hast scaled the starry heaven,
To Thee, O Lord, be glory given,
To Father and to Spirit praise,
Now, and throughout the endless days.

OPTATUS VOTIS OMNIUM
SACRATUS INLUXIT DIES

*Probably of the sixth century, and printed in the Latin
Hymns of the Anglo-Saxon Church from a MS. of
the eleventh century at Durham.*

I

THE longed-for day in beauty shines,
The festal day is given,
And Christ our Lord, the Hope of all,
Ascends the steeps of heaven.

II

Our Lord, ascending to the height,
Resumes His ancient throne ;
And heaven, with its exulting joy,
Receives Him as its own.

III

Strong was His arm in conflict keen,—
The Prince of Darkness fell,—
And now He wears the human flesh
In which He fought so well.

IV

Beyond the clouds the Victor mounts ;
Hope springs in every heart ;
The gates of heaven, that sin had closed,
Are now thrown wide apart.

V

O wondrous Joy of all our race !
The Son of Man alone,
Who bore the cross and all its woe,
Now shares the Father's throne.

VI

O Christ, who hast salvation won !
To Thee all praise be given,
Our Champion clad in human flesh,
Within the courts of heaven !

VII

Now let us with the heavenly hosts
Unite in common praise,
For He who sits upon the throne
Abides with us always.

VIII

And let us for the risen Lord
In loving service wait,
That we may rise to where He is,
Within the heavenly gate.

Tabitsuntide

“But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.”—*John* xiv. 26.

NUNC SANCTE NOBIS SPIRITUS
UNUM PATRI CUM FILIO

*Found, according to Mone, in MSS. of the eighth century,
at Darmstadt and Trier. By some authorities ascribed
to St. AMBROSE.*

I

O HOLY GHOST, forever One
With God the Father and the Son,
Deign now Thy presence to impart,
And pour Thy love in every heart.

II

Then every power of mind and will
Shall quick Thy high behests fulfil,
And love's strong flame its power reveal,
And every soul its fervour feel.

III

Hear us, O Holy Father, hear !
Thou one begotten Son, be near !
Who with the Spirit reign for aye,
Now, and throughout eternity.

Trinity

**"Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto : Sicut erat
in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in Sæcula sæculorum.
Amen."**

O VENERANDA, TRINITAS LAUDANDA
VALDE BENIGNA, GLORIAQUE DIGNA!

*Printed in the Latin Hymns of the Anglo-Saxon Church,
from an eleventh century MS. at Durham.*

I

O TRINITY revered! O Trinity Divine!
Thine be unending praise, unfading glory
Thine;
O hear the prayer we raise,
And listen to our praise.

II

Our invocation hear, who humbly Thee
adore;
O Trinity most blest, we praise Thee ever-
more;
Our sins we here confess:
Do Thou forgive and bless.

III

III

'Then we, with minds prepared, shall render
homage due,
And day and night to Thee direct a worship
true ;
Thee ceaseless service give,
Through every hour we live.

IV

O 'Trinity Divine ! Now we ascribe to Thee
Unbounded majesty, O Highest Deity !
One voice the ages raise,
To celebrate Thy praise.

AVE COLEND A TRINITAS
AVE PERENNIS UNITAS

*From MSS. of the eleventh century. Printed in the Latin
Hymns of the Anglo-Saxon Church.*

I

ALL hail, revered Trinity !
All hail, eternal Unity !
O Father God, and God the Son,
And God sweet Spirit, Three in One :

II

Lo ! now to Thee spontaneous praise
Our grateful hearts in worship raise ;
And thus to Thee is glory given,
And to our souls the balm of heaven.

III

Thee, Trinity, we laud for aye ;
Thee, Unity, we worship pay ;
May we, secure from all our foes,
In Thy sweet mercy find repose !

IV

O Trinity ! O Unity !
Be present with us while we pray ;
And with the praise that angels bring,
Unite the songs Thy servants sing.

Judgment

**"Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus.
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem."**

—Thomas of Celano.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA

This is perhaps the grandest hymn in any language. The theme, the Day of Judgment, is the most solemn, and the solemnity is emphasised by the triple peal of the rhyme. The author, according to the best authorities, was THOMAS OF CELANO, a Franciscan friar of the thirteenth century. The oldest form of this hymn known to exist is in a MS. of the fourteenth century, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, from a copy of which the following rendering has been made.

I

DAY of wrath, O Day dismaying !
Heaven and earth in ashes laying,
Hear thou seer and Psalmist saying.

II

See, the Judge from heaven appeareth :
Every heart in anguish feareth,
For the word of Judgment neareth.

III

Now the trumpets' sound appalling
On the silent tomb is falling,
Myriads to the Judgment calling.

IV

Death awakes in consternation,
Nature quails, while all Creation
Hastes to answer the citation.

V

See the Book, wherein recorded
Stand our deeds exactly worded,
Whence the world shall be rewarded.

VI

Now the Judge His task beginneth ;
Hidden deeds to light He bringeth ;
Dooming every soul that sinneth.

VII

Can I then an answer render,
Who shall stand forth my defender,
When the just no plea can tender ?

VIII

King of majesty stupendous !
Freely Thy salvation send us ;
In our hour of need befriend us.

IX

Think, good Lord, Thou cam'st to save me ;
From my sin salvation gave me ;
Let not Satan then enslave me.

X

Footsore, Thou didst searching, find me ;
On the cross Thy love entwined me ;
Cast not all that care behind Thee !

XI

Ere that day, for sin's commission,
Grant, just Judge, a full remission ;
Hear my cry of deep contrition.

XII

All my guilt I come confessing,
Not one shameful fault repressing ;
Save me, Lord, from woes distressing.

XIII

Thou gav'st Mary absolution ;
Thou didst cleanse the thief's pollution :
Save me, Lord, from retribution.

XIV

Faulty are my prayers and crying ;
Grace can save me, not my sighing ;
Pluck me from the flames undying.

XV

Where Thy sheep are folded, heed me ;
Ne'er where goats are gathered, lead me ;
Ever at Thy right hand feed me.

XVI

When, before Thy malediction,
Sinners sink to hell's affliction,
Call me with Thy benediction.

XVII

Lord, I come with earnest crying ;
As in ashes, see me lying ;
Save me in this hour from dying.

XVIII

Day of anguish ! Day of weeping !
Man shall wake from mortal sleeping,
And to Judgment wend his way :
Spare him, gracious God, I pray.

Jesu, of Thy mercy blest,
Give me then eternal rest.

Jays of Heaven

“O happie harbour of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soyle,
In thee noe sorrow may be founde,
Noe grief, noe care, noe toyle.”

—*F. B. P.*

AD PERENNIS VITÆ FONTEM
MENS SITIVIT ARIDA

A poem on the Joys of Paradise, by CARDINAL PETER
DAMIANI, *born at Ravenna, A.D. 988.*

I

FOR the Fount of Living Water
Is my thirsting soul aglow,
And my flesh-imprisoned spirit
Would aside her fetters throw,—
Pressing, struggling for the country
Whither she would gladly go.

II

Now, oppressed by pain and sorrow,
Ah ! she mourns in bondage sore,
As she muses on the glory
Lost by sin in days of yore ;
Present evil wakes the memory
To the joy that is no more.

III

Who can tell the bliss that hovers
 O'er that land of peace and rest,
 Where, adorned with living pearl,
 Rise the mansions of the blest :
 Golden domes that brightly sparkle,
 Couches for the once oppressed !

IV

Precious stones are the foundations
 Of those structures passing fair ;
 Finest gold, as pure as crystal,
 Paves the pathways everywhere ;
 Nothing that defiles can enter—
 Plague nor pestilence are there.

V

Winter freezing, summer scorching,
 Never pass that region o'er,
 But the bloom of fadeless roses
 Gives the springtime evermore ;
 Lily glancing, crocus blushing,
 Scented balms their odours pour.

VI

Verdant meadows, ripened harvests,
Streams of honey onward flow ;
Liquid perfumes in the breezes,
Odours aromatic blow ;
Fruits that fall not hang in clusters
On the ever leafy bough.

VII

There no changing moonlight shineth,
Sun nor stars their courses run,
For the Lamb to that dear City
Is a never-setting Sun ;
Night and time are lost for ever,
And the day is never done.

VIII

Saints, in garments like the sunshine,
There in dazzling beauty glow,—
Crownèd heroes after triumph,
Mutual are their joys that flow,
And secure they count their battles
O'er the now prostrated foe.

ix

Every stain of sin is cleansèd ;
 Fleshly conflicts are unknown,
 For the Resurrection body
 And the soul are bound in one ;
 Perfect peace diffuses gladness ;
 Seeds of strife are never sown.

x

To their first estate returning,
 Changeless now their garments gleam ;
 Ever present truth adoring,
 Things are really what they seem ;
 And they drink the vital sweetness,
 Of the ever-living stream.

xi

Hence they live in changeless being
 Those unending joys among ;
 Bright and lightsome, full of gladness,
 Ne'er by sore misfortune stung ;
 Sickness never wounds the healthful ;
 Age can ne'er oppress the young.

XII

Life eternal is their portion ;
All that ends hath passed away ;
There they live, and thrive, and flourish,
Perished now is all decay ;
Winds that breathe immortal vigour
Stay the hand of death for aye.

XIII

Knowing God, of knowledge boundless,
What is there they yet can know ?
E'en into the hid recesses
Of each others' hearts they go ;
One in willing and denying,
Unity of mind they shew.

XIV

Each in his appointed labour
Gets the prize his valour gains ;
All she finds to love in either,
Love for her own self retains ,
So that all that each possesses,
For the common good remains.

I

XV

Where the body lieth, thither
 Eagles fly with eager speed ;
 For refreshment, saints and angels
 At one board their spirits feed ;
 Denizens of either country,
 One the Bread their spirits need.

XVI

Satisfied, yet ever seeking,
 What they have they still would gain ;
 No satiety repels them ;
 Hunger gives no gnawing pain ;
 Ever seeking, ever getting,
 And while getting, seek again.

XVII

Ever new the heavenly music
 Which their voices sweetly raise ;
 And in Jubilee unending
 Organs soothe the sense always ;
 To the King who made them victors
 Worthily they render praise.

XVIII

Happy soul that views the presence
Of the King of heaven Divine !
And beneath the throne in wonder
Sees the orbs in beauty shine :
Sun and moon, and stars and planets,
In their radiant courses twine.

XIX

Christ, the soldier's palm of honour !
When I lay my armour by,
In Thy condescending mercy
To that City bring me nigh ;
Make me sharer of Thy bounties
With the citizens on high.

XX

To the soldier in the warfare,
Courage for the fight supply ;
That, when battle's din is over,
He may rest him by-and-by,
Having Thee his lasting portion
In the great eternity.

ASTANT ANGELORUM CHORI

*From O qualis quantaque lætitia, by Thomas à Kempis,
d. A.D. 1471.*

I

THE angel choirs celestial
Creation's King adore ;
They see Him clothed in beauty,
And forth His praises pour.

II

With harp and timbrel sounding,
On wings, or standing low,
They worship God the Triune,
Their garments all aglow.

III

They sing, "O Holy, Holy,"
And sorrow's wings are spread
For in that heavenly City
No tears are ever shed.

IV

O Land of light excelling !
O myriads passing fair,
Of men and angels dwelling
In sweet contentment there !

V

The City bright and glorious
In perfect rest remains,
And fadeless light is shining,
And peace unbroken reigns.

VI

In garments chaste and sparkling,
Each favoured dweller shines ;
The law of love prevailing,
Around each heart entwines.

VII

No weary toil oppresses ;
They know as they are known ;
The tempter's toils are banished,
Distress and anguish flown.

VIII

No pining sickness saddens ;
Their hearts with joy abound ;
And all things sweet and precious
Are there in fulness found.

CŒLESTIS, O JERUSALEM,
MANSURA SEMPER CIVITAS

From the Paris Breviary, 1822. The author is unknown.

I

HEAVENLY City, happy Salem,
Proudly stand thy high-built walls ;
Oh, how happy all thy children,
Dwelling in thy sacred halls !

II

Thou the home of peace unending,
Thou the saints' eternal rest ;
Dwelling-place of God's beloved,
Palace of the King most blest.

III

There, upon His throne exalted,
God, the Joy of all, is seen ;
There the Lamb is Sun and Glory,
Where no cloud can come between.

IV

Nothing there to mar the sweetness
Of the joy God gives His own ;
This the saints' unending labour,
Singing praise to God alone.

V

Thither shining hope allures us ;
Thither all our longings tend ;
Earth's brief toil shall never bar us
From the bliss that has no end.

VI

Sun eternal, heaven adorning,
Jesus, to Thy name be praise !
Praise to Father and to Spirit,
Now, and through the endless days.

**Η ΚΑΤΑ ΣΑΡΚΑ ΓΕΝΝΗΣΙΣ
ΤΟΥ ΙΗΣΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ**

ἦχος β'. Γερμανοῦ

Δεῦτε ἀγαλλιασώμεθα τῷ Κυρίῳ, τὸ παρὸν
μυστήριον ἐκδιηγυμενοι· τὸ μεσότειχον τοῦ φραγ-
μοῦ διαλέλνται· ἡ φλογίνη ῥομφαία τὰ νῶτα
δίδωσι, καὶ τὰ χερουβὶμ παραχωρεῖ τοῦ ξύλου
τῆς ζωῆς· καὶ γὰρ τοῦ Παραδείσου τῆς τρυφῆς
μεταλαμβάνω, οὗ προεξεβλήθην διὰ τῆς καρακοῆς·
ἡ γὰρ ἀπαράλλακτος εἰκὼν τοῦ Πατρὸς, ὁ χαρακ-
τὴρ τῆς αἰδιότητος αὐτοῦ, μορφὴν δούλου λαμβάνει,
ἐξ ἀπειρογάμου Μητρὸς προελθὼν, οὐ τροπὴν
ὑπομείνας· ὃ γὰρ ἦν διέμεινε, Θεὸς ὢν ἀληθινός·
καὶ ὃ οὐκ ἦν προσέλαβεν, ἄνθρωπος γενόμενος
διὰ φιλάνθρωπίαν. Αὐτῷ Βοήσωμεν· Ὁ τεχθεὶς
ἐκ Παρθένου Θεὸς, ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς.

Ἰωάννου Μοναχοῦ

Ο οὐρανὸς καὶ ἡ γῆ, σήμερον προφητικῶς
εὐφραινέσθωσαν. Ἄγγελοι καὶ ἄνθρωποι, πνευ-
ματικῶς πανηγυρίζωμεν, ὅτι Θεὸς ἐν σαρκὶ ἐπέ-
φανε, τοῖς ἐν σκότει καὶ σκιᾷ καθημένοις, γεννηθεὶς
ἐκ Γυναικός. Σπῆλαιον καὶ φάτνη, ὑπεδέξαντο
αὐτόν. Ποιμένες τὸ θαῦμα ἀνακηρύττουσι. Μάγοι
ἐξ ἀνατολῶν, ἐν Βηθλεὲμ δῶρα προσάγουσιν· ἡμεῖς
δὲ τὸν αἶνον ἀναξίοις χεῖλεσιν, ἀγγελικῶς αὐτῇ
προσάξωμεν· Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις Θεῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς
εἰρήνη· ἦλθε γὰρ ἡ προσδοκία τῶν ἐθνῶν· ἦλθεν,
ἔσωσεν ἡμᾶς ἐκ τῆς δουλείας τοῦ ἐχθροῦ.

**Ο ΚΑΝΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑ ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ
ΤΟΥ ΔΑΜΑΣΚΗΝΟΥ**

Ωδὴ Α'

“Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα· λαμπρυνθῶμεν λαοί·
Πάσχα κυρίου Πάσχα· ἐκ γὰρ θανάτου πρὸς
ζωὴν, καὶ ἐκ γῆς πρὸς οὐρανὸν, Χριστὸς ὁ Θεὸς,
ἡμᾶς διεβίβασεν, ἐπινίκιον ᾄδοντας.”

Καθαρθῶμεν τὰς αἰσθήσεις, καὶ ὁψόμεθα τῷ
ἀπροσίτῳ φωτὶ τῆς ἀναστάσεως, Χριστὸν ἐξαστράπ-
τοντα, καὶ, χαίρετε, φάσκοντα, τρανῶς ἀκουσόμεθα.
ἐπινίκιον ᾄδοντες.

Οὐρανοὶ μὲν ἐπαξίως εὐφραινέσθωσαν· γῆ δὲ
ἀγαλλιάσθω· ἑορταζέτω δὲ κόσμος, ὁρατὸς τε
ἅπας καὶ ἀόρατος· Χριστὸς γὰρ ἐγήγερται, εὐφρο-
σύνη αἰώνιος.

Ὁδὴ Γ'

“Δεῦτε πόμα πίωμεν καινὸν, οὐκ ἐκ πέτρας
ἀγόνου τερατουργούμενον, ἀλλ’ ἀφθαρσίας πηγὴν,
ἐκ ταφου ὁμβρήσαντος Χριστοῦ, ἐν ᾧ στερεούμεθα.”

Νῦν πάντα πεπλήρωται φωτὸς, οὐρανὸς τε καὶ
γῆ, καὶ τὰ καταχθόνια. Ἑορταζέτω γοῦν πᾶσα
κτίσις, τὴν Ἑγερσιν Χριστοῦ, ἐν ᾧ ἐστερέωται.

Χθὲς συνεθαπτόμην σοι Χριστὲ, συνεγείρομαι
σήμερον ἀναστάντι σοι, συνεσταυρούμην σοι χθὲς·
αὐτός με συνδόξασον Σωτὴρ, ἐν τῇ βασιλείᾳ
σου.

Ὁδὴ Δ'

“Ἐπὶ τῆς θείας φυλακῆς, ὁ θεηγόρος Ἀββα-
κούμ, στήτω μεθ’ ἡμῶν καὶ δεικνύτω, φαεσφόρον
Ἀγγελον, διαπρυσίως λέγοντα· Σήμερον σωτηρία
τῷ κόσμῳ, ὅτι ἀνέστη Χριστὸς ὡς παντοδύναμος.”

Ἄρσεν μὲν ὡς διανοῖξαν, τὴν παρθενεύουσαν
νηδὺν, πέφηνε Χριστός· ὡς βρωτὸς δὲ ἀμνὸς
προσηγόρευται, ἄμωμος δὲ, ὡς ἄγευστος κηλίδος,
τὸ ἡμέτερον Πάσχα· καὶ ὡς Θεὸς ἀληθῆς, τέλειος
λέλεκται.

Ὡς ἐνεαύσιος ἀμνὸς, ὁ εὐλογούμενος ἡμῖν,
στέφανος χρηστὸς ἐκουσίως, ὑπὲρ πάντων τέθυται.
Πάσχα τὸ καθαρτήριον, καὶ αὐθις ἐκ τοῦ τάφου
ώραίος, δικαιοσύνης ἡμῖν ἔλαμψεν Ἥλιος.

Ὁ Θεοπάτωρ μὲν Δαυὶδ, πρὸς τῆς σκιώδους
κιβωτοῦ, ἤλατο σκιρτῶν ὁ λαὸς δὲ τοῦ Θεοῦ
ὁ ἅγιος, τὴν τῶν συμβόλων ἐκβασιν ὁρῶντης,
εὐφρανθῶμεν ἐνθέως, ὅτι ἀνέστη Χριστὸς ὡς
παντοδύναμος.

ᾠδὴ Ε'

“Ὁρθρίσωμεν ὄρθρου βαθέος, καὶ ἀντὶ μύρον
τὸν ὕμνον προσοίσομεν τῷ Δεσπότῃ, καὶ, Χρισ-
τὸν ὁψόμεθα, δικαιοσύνης Ἥλιον, πᾶσι ζῶην
ἀνατέλλοντα.”

Τὴν ἄμετρον σου εὐσπλαγχνίαν, οἱ ταῖς τοῦ
ἄδου σειραῖς συνεχόμενοι, δεδορκότες, πρὸς τὸ φῶς
ἠπείγοντο Χριστέ, ἀγαλλομένῳ ποδὶ, Πάσχα
χροτοῦντες αἰώνιον.

Προσέλθωμεν λαμπαδηφόροι, τῷ προϊόντι
Χριστῷ ἐκ τοῦ μνήματος, ὡς νυμφίῳ, καὶ συνεορ-
τάσωμεν, ταῖς φιλεόρτοις τάξεσι, Πάσχα Θεοῦ
τὸ σωτήριον.

Ὡδὴ ΣΤ'

“Κατῆλθες ἐν τοῖς κατωτάτοις τῆς γῆς, καὶ συνέτριψας μοχλοὺς αἰωνίους, κατόχους πεπεδημένων Χριστὲ, καὶ τριήμερος, ὡς ἐκ κήτους Ἰωνᾶς, ἐξανέστης τοῦ τάφου.”

Φυλάξας τὰ σήμαντρα σῶα Χριστὲ, ἐξηγέρθης τοῦ τάφου, ὃ τὰς κλείς τῆς Παρθένου μὴ λυμηνάμενος, ἐν τῷ τόκῳ σου, καὶ ἀνέφξας ἡμῖν Παραδείσου τὰς πύλας.

Σῶτέρ μου τὸ ζῶν τε καὶ ἄθνητον, ἱερεῖον ὡς Θεός, σεαυτὸν ἐκουσίως, προσαγαγὼν τῷ Πατρὶ, συνανέστησας, παγγενῇ τὸν Ἀδὰμ, ἀναστὰς ἐκ τοῦ τάφου.

Ῥδὴ Ζ'

“Ὁ Παῖδας ἐκ καμίνου ῥυσάμενος,· γενόμενος ἄνθρωπος, πάσχει ὡς θνητὸς, καὶ διὰ πάθους τὸ θνητὸν, ἀφθαρσίας ἐνδύει εὐπρέπειαν, ὃ μόνος εὐλογητὸς τῶν Πατέρων, Θεὸς καὶ ὑπερένδοξος.”

Γυναῖκες μετὰ μύρων θεόφροντες, ὀπίσω σου ἔδραμον· ὃν δὲ ὡς θνητὸν, μετὰ δακρύων ἐζήτουν, προσεκύνησαν, χαίρουσαι ζῶντα Θεὸν, καὶ Πάσχα τὸ μυστικὸν, σοῖς Χριστὲ Μαθηταῖς εὐηγγελήσαντο.

Θανάτου ἐορτάσομεν νέκρωσιν, ἄδου τὴν καθαίρεσιν, ἄλλης βιοτῆς, τῆς αἰωνίου ἀπαρχὴν, καὶ σκιρτῶντες ὑμνοῦμεν τὸν αἷτιον, τὸν μόνον εὐλογητὸν τῶν Πατέρων, Θεὸν καὶ ὑπερένδοξον.

Ὡς ὄντως ἱερὰ καὶ πανεόρτος, αὕτη ἡ σωτήριος, νύξ καὶ φωταυγὴς, τῆς λαμπροφόρου ἡμέρας, τῆς ἐγέρσεως οὖσα προάγγελος, ἐν ἣ τὸ ἄχρονον φῶς, ἐκ τάφου σωματικῶς, πᾶσιν ἐπέλαμψεν.

Ὁδὴ Η΄

“Αὕτη ἡ κλητὴ καὶ ἀγία ἡμέρα, ἡ μία τῶν
Σαββάτων, ἡ βασιλὶς καὶ κυρία ἑορτῶν ἑορτῇ,
καὶ πανήγυρις ἐστὶ πανηγύρεων, ἐν ᾗ εὐλογοῦμεν,
Χριστὸν εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας.”

Δευτέ τοῦ καινοῦ τῆς ἀμπέλου γεννήματος, τῆς
θείας εὐφροσύνης, ἐν τῇ εὐσήμεν ἡμέρᾳ της
ἐγερσεως, βασιλείας τε Χριστοῦ κοινωνήσωμεν,
ὑμνοῦντες αὐτὸν, ὡς Θεὸν εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας.

Ἄρον κύκλω τοὺς ὀφθαλμούς σου Σιών καὶ ἴδε·
ἰδοὺ γὰρ ἤκασί σοι, θεοφεγγεῖς ὡς φωστῆρες, ἐκ
δυσμῶν, καὶ βορρᾶ, καὶ θαλάσσης, καὶ ἑώας τὰ
τέκνα σου, ἐν σοὶ εὐλογοῦντα, Χριστὸν εἰς τοὺς
αἰῶνας.

Πάτερ παντοκράτορ καὶ Λόγε, καὶ Πνεῦμα,
τρισὶν ἐνιξομένη, ἐν ὑποστάσει φύσις, ὑπερούσιε
καὶ ὑπέρθεε, εἰς σὲ βεβαπτίσμεθα, καὶ σὲ εὐλο-
γοῦμεν, εἰς πάντας τοὺς αἰῶνας.

ᾠδὴ Θ'

“Φωτισου, φωτισου, ἡ νέα Ἱερουσαλήμ· ἡ γάρ
δόξα Κυρίου, ἐπὶ σὲ ἀνέτειλε. Χόρευε νῦν, καὶ
ἀγάλλου Σιών· σὺ δὲ ἀγνή, τέρπου θεοτόκε, ἐν τῇ
ἐγέρσει τοῦ τόκου σου.”

ὦ θείας ὦ φίλης, ὦ γλυκυτάτης σου φωνῆς!
μεθ’ ἡμῶν ἀψευδῶς γὰρ ἐπηγγείλω ἔσσεσθαι, μέχρι
τερμάτων αἰῶνος Χριστέ· ἦν οἱ πιστοὶ, ἄγκυραν
ἐλπίδος, κατέχοντες ἀγαλλόμεθα.

ὦ Πάσχα τὸ μέγα, καὶ ἱερώτατον Χριστέ· ὦ
σοφία καὶ Λόγε, τοῦ Θεοῦ καὶ δύναμις· δίδου ἡμῖν
ἐκτυπώτερον, σοῦ μετασχεῖν, ἐν τῇ ἀνεσπέρῳ
ἡμέρᾳ, τῆς βασιλείας σου.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
ALL hail, revered Trinity !	113
All hail the Cross of Jesus	61
BURST are the bands of death	91
COME, let us drink the water new. . . .	77
DAY of wrath ! O day dismaying	117
ERE the morn in beauty breaks	81
FOR the Fount of Living Water	125
Forth rode the morn in purple robe	93
GOD of truth, Thou Guide unerring	6
Great God, at whose command	25
HAIL the Resurrection day	75
Hark ! a voice is loudly ringing	37
He who in the fiery furnace	85
Heavenly City, happy Salem	135
Hence, night and clouds, confused things !	31
Herod, impious, dreaded foe	53

	PAGE
IN the Bliss of old predicted	49
MAKER of all, Redeemer Thou	63
Most holy God of heaven	26
Now from the night, and quiet sleep awaking . .	5
Now is the time to come	12
Now to the Lord a song we'll raise	99
O CHRIST, who art the light and day	39
O come let us adore	43
O God, Creator of our race	33
O God of truth, Thy power untold	7
O Holy Ghost, forever one	107
O Jesu, sweetest Light	16
O Trinity revered, O Trinity Divine	111
Of the Father's heart begotten	47
PROPHET of the Lord, beside us	79
SEE in the east the sombre shades of darkness . .	10
See the only Son of God	65
See, 'tis the morn with golden ray !	14
Sharer of the Father's glory	18
Shine forth, O New Jerusalem	89
Sing Alleluia, sing	20
TELL my tongue in glowing numbers	69
The angel choirs celestial	132
The Christ to-day from death arose	95
The longed-for day in beauty shines	101

	PAGE
The Lord of life to earth came down	45
This is the chosen day of God	87
This is the very day of God	59
Thou art the strength and life	8
Thou blest Creator of the world	23
To depths of earth Thou didst descend	83
 WHEN the morn with golden ray	 3
Whence is this glorious orbèd Star?	55
With grateful sleep refreshed	27

THE END

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